

Registered L. 89

THE NUR AF SHAN

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

VOL. X.

LUDHIANA:—May 11th, 1906.

No. 19

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, May 4.

The *Standard* states that Count Metternich, the German Ambassador in London, has informed Sir E. Grey that the Sultan cannot rely on the support of Germany in the event of a quarrel with Great Britain.

Great Britain yesterday presented a Note to Turkey which is virtually an ultimatum demanding the withdrawal of the Turkish troops from Egyptian territory.

The ultimatum to Turkey expires in ten days. Admirals Beresford, Lambton and Bridgman have arrived simultaneously at Malta and four cruisers and a flotilla of destroyers are proceeding thence to the Piræus to-night.

Telegrams from Cairo confirm the removal of the boundary pillars at El Arish and state that a Turkish detachment occupies Egyptian territory and their attitude is menacing.

Allahabad, May 4.

London, May 3.—A *Times* Constantinople telegram says that Turkey has offered, if Passoa is shown to be marked Persian on the anglo-Russian Commission's map, to withdraw her troops pending the report on the frontier by two Persian and two Turkish delegates. This would be acceptable to Persia. In the meantime, Turkish troops remain at the recently occupied posts marked "doubtful" on the map.

London, May 4.

The *Daily Telegraph's* St. Petersburg correspondent predicts a renewed conflict between the Crown and the nation and declares that the reactionaries intend using the foreign loan to wage a civil war.

Count Lamsdorff will probably retire. President Roosevelt in a message to Congress says that investigation has shown that the Standard Oil Company has benefited enormously by secret and unlawful methods and that the Sugar Trust and other great corporations are guilty of the same practices. The question of prosecutions is now being considered but he urges Congress to strengthen the powers of the inter-state Commerce Commission.

London, May 5.

The French Ambassador has advised the Sultan to yield in the Egyptian dispute.

The Russian Ambassador has been instructed similarly.

The papers emphasize the significance of the Franco-Russian support of Britain in the Tabah questions and regard it as more important than a naval demonstration.

The transport *Dilevara*, hourly expected to be passing Malta, will be detained to convey the 4th Worcestershires to Alexandria.

London, May 6.

The British cruiser *Mineera* has gone to the Piræus from El Arish.

A detachment of the Inniskilling Fusiliers has arrived at Alexandria from Crete.

London, May 5.

The assailants of Mr. Steinbank, magistrate in Natal, who has

been murdered by natives near Ulundi, used a magazine rifle and bullets.

Dinizulu has offered to find out the murderers. The offer has been accepted by the Natal Government.

Colonel Mackenzie's force has entered Zululand and is proceeding slowly because they are escorting a huge convoy to an unknown base.

Colonel Mackay with a large force ascended one of the highest points of the Ukandhla range eight miles from the magistracy and shelled a number of kraals. Shots were exchanged with the rebels.

London, May 6.

A despatch from Washington states that China notifies that she opens the Manchurian ports and the interior cities only after she has completed the preparation of regulations for the Government of foreign colonies therein.

London, May 5.

China has refused to permit the sale of land in Manchuria for the American consulates, but offers land only on thirty years' lease.

London, May 6.

Archbishop Bourne presided at a Catholic demonstration in the Albert Hall last night.

A resolution was passed condemning the Education Bill as unjust.

Eleven thousand people were present, and the overflow meeting outside amounted to twenty thousand.

London, May 7.

Colonel Mansel, with a force for the purpose of reconnaissance, proceeded yesterday in the direction of Cetawayo's grave.

The vanguard, which was descending a precipitous hill in single file was desperately charged by two hundred Zulus and they reached within a few yards but were repelled.

Sixty Zulus were killed and many wounded.

A British corporal and two friendlies were wounded.

The Zulu attack was premature and formed a part of an encircling movement of the enemy.

A less spirited attack than that on the vanguard followed on the rear of the force.

Rebels numbering about one thousand were seen.

Colonel Mansel captured quantities of cattle and burned many kraals.

The enemy followed and sniped the column, when retiring.

Sir Charles Hardinge, who has been accompanying the King on his tour; took advantage during the King's stay in Paris to have a number of conferences with M. Bourgeois on pending international questions.

The French papers state that the coincidence of views further tightens Anglo-French bonds.

The Governor of Ekaterinoslav was assassinated last evening by six unknown men, who fired volleys and escaped.

Miners' strike in Northern France has ended.

The anthracite coal dispute in America has ended.

At the French senate elections at Pondicherry yesterday several riots occurred, one man being shot dead and others seriously wounded. Fire-arms seem to have been freely used.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A LETTER FROM DR. E. M. WHERRY.

CAIRO April 9th, 1906.

To the editor Nur Afshan,

DEAR SIR:—

The First World's Conference of those specially interested in the evangelization of Muslims was held in this city during a period of six days. There were 54 accredited delegates present representing 27 Missionary Societies and Boards of Missions in Europe, America and Australia. The meetings were held in a private house. The spirit of the meeting from first to last was of a very high order. There was much of prayer and praise mingled with the work of the Conference, thirty-four papers were read and discussed, bearing upon all aspects of the problem under discussion. The feeling which most strongly impressed every one present was that of humiliation that so little had been done by the Church to enter the doors now wide open in Muslim lands, and especially that the churches in Muslim lands had done so much to misrepresent the true religion of Christ before the followers of Islam.

The proceedings will be embodied in a report to be printed in two volumes. The first a volume of a historic character to be widely published under the title of *A Missionary Review of the Muhammadan World*. This will probably be issued by Revell & Co., before the end of the year. The other volume will be for private circulation only containing the papers on methods—

There is little doubt that these reports will engage the serious and prayerful attention of the whole church of Christ and ought to result in a more rational and tactful presentation of the Truth of God before the Muslim peoples.

Your Sincerely
E. M. Wherry.

TOLD IN A PARAGRAPH.

When leprosy was discovered among the inhabitants north of Lake Nyassa, no one was found willing to give them attention except the Christian missionaries. The Berlin Mission and Moravian Mission are planning to open and supervise two leper asylums each.

A Japanese girl said to a missionary at Tokio: "My brother-in-law used to scold me if I overslept in the mornings; now he is patient and teaches me how to be careful and prompt. Why is he patient? Because he is a Christian now." And the girl added, "Our home is so much nicer, now we are all Christians."

The Korean work in Hawaii continues to make decided progress. Superintendent Wadman writes that there are great revivals all over the islands. Of the 7,000 Koreans scattered through the archipelago upward of 1,700 are now enrolled in the M. E. church when he wrote he had organized ten quarterly conferences, dedicated two churches, and was then building four others.

Dr. C. B. MacAfee, of Brooklyn, gives six good reasons in the *Assembly Herald*, why he is an optimist as to foreign missions: 1. He always wins who sides with God. 2. The Church is bound to fall in love with the will of its Master when it understands the case. 3. A praying church is a basis enough for optimism. 4. The high quality of the men sent out as foreign missionaries. 5. The fitness of the Gospel to supply the deeds of the world. 6. The quality of the men whom the Gospel is finding and making in heathendom. There are plenty of other reasons for optimism as to foreign missions, but the doctor says wisely that he likes the first one best.

In Madagascar a poor community connected with the Paris Mission has lately built a church. At the dedication an aged Malagasi minister began his prayer thus: "O Lord, thou hast chosen to astonish us in this village to the end of our days! With a people who have nothing, thou hast created a church building; on this land, where our fathers offered their senseless worship, thou hast built thy temple! We, the aged ones among the people, have seen many surprising things, but we never dreamed that we should see this!"

In the American Board's Foochow Mission is a native worker of ability who could instantly double his salary if he would leave the mission and accept a place in the Custom House. His classmates went into government service and get almost twice as much as he does. One day lately, this Chinese worker helped an English evangelist by translating his address, and did it so well that a gentleman in the audience gave the translator \$10 as a token of his pleasure. The Chinaman took the money, but gave it to the evangelist. "He needs it," he told a friend, "more than I do." Just keep this incident to read again when travelers tell you that converts in China are all "rice Christians."

—Missionary Outlook.

A South Sea Islander, at the close of a religious meeting offered the following prayer: O "God, we are about to go to our respective homes. Let not the words we have heard be like the fine clothes we wear, soon to be taken off and folded up in a box till another Sabbath comes around. Rather, let thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies—ineffaceable till death."—*Carleton's Magazine*.

HOW THE CROSS-ROADS SCHOOL DISCOVERED A HERO.

In two more days school would be over for three long months. A group of boys of all ages and sizes stood in front of the weather-beaten country school-house, discussing the prospects for vacation fun.

"I'm going to the city for a month," said Ted Balwin, "and then my cousins are coming home with me to spend the other two months. Their school doesn't close as early as ours. Hello! There's Duncan's Pietro. I suppose he's going to spend his vacation building a hospital for toads and stray cats. 'Fore I'd be such a Nancy as he is!"

"Oh, say, come now, Ted! He's not such a bad sort. I wish somebody would tell why we fellows are forever tormenting him." It was Rex Norton who took the little Italian's part. Rex was "small for his age," the neighbors said; but his ready smile made up for his lack of height, and he carried perpetual sunshine with him.

Ted did not attempt to answer for himself or his mates, but stood watching the short but sturdy figure as it climbed up the long hill.

"Hurry up, Petey," called one of the boys. "You'll be late. Teacher's clock won't wait for Italy."

Pietro gave him a glance that was half-smiling, half-distrustful, and hurried on toward the door, as if he feared a trick of some sort were about to be played upon him.

But the boys were again absorbed in their plaining. In fact, they became so interested that they were in danger of being late themselves, and Miss Glidden finally had to ring the desk bell outside the door to attract their attention.

When the children were all in their places, Miss Glidden read the morning lesson and led them in a song. Then she requested them to take out their "history readers." The lesson today was about Abraham Lincoln, and when it was finished their teacher asked them to tell what quality they admired most in the man of whom they all loved to read.

The boys gave many reasons—all but Pietro. He sat staring straight ahead with his great black eyes, and as was silent as if he were voiceless. At last Miss Glid-

den spoke to him. "Pietro," she said, "tell us why you admire Mr. Lincoln."

Pietro fidgeted uncomfortably—he was sure the boys would laugh at him. Then looking straight into Miss Glidden's face he answered: "Because he didn't like to fight."

Yes, it was just as he thought. The boys were all laughing now; and Patrick Kelly whispered to his neighbor, Ward Elkins: "Wouldn't fight! What do you think of that! But it's just like the little Eyetalian. He's a regular coward. Do you mind how he ran away when we killed that snake the other day?" Then he saw Miss Glidden's eyes upon him, and he straightend up.

"Yes, Pietro," said the teacher, "Mr. Lincoln, although he was President during a long and terrible war, was a man of peace, and would have been very glad indeed if the country would have settled her dispute without those terrible years of suffering and bloodshed. Now, will you not tell us why it is nobler sometimes not to fight?"

But Pietro was overcome with confusion, and sat silently staring at her with his solemn big eyes; so she gave them an answer of her own.

"There is often a better way of gaining a victory than by the use of weapons of warfare, or with fists," she said, "and our great President believed in that way. The boy who is constantly seeking a fight is more often a bully than a brave."

Freddy Brown glanced slyly across at Patrick on the next bench, and Patrick, for some reason which the boys seemed to understand, looked foolish and uncomfortable.

"Now," continued Miss Glidden, "we must go on with the regular lessons. But tomorrow I am going to ask you to tell me about some heroes who showed their bravery in another way than by fighting. I wonder how many we can think of. Perhaps our hero of today will be the first on the list."

When school was dismissed that afternoon, Ray Cullen called the boys together and proposed that they should go swimming down in the "big basin." The "big basin" was an oddly-shaped bayou, which had been hollowed out by the river when it changed its course once upon a time. The water in the basin was nearly always warm, and there was just enough of combined sunshine and shadow to make it an ideal place for swimming.



Pietro had started off alone toward home. Rex caught sight of him, and was seized with one of his sudden generous impulses. "Come along, Pietro," he called through his hands, "down to the river."

"Ob, let him alone!" exclaimed Pat. "We don't want him."

"Yes, we do," retorted Rex, quickly. For once he had forgotten to be afraid of the big boy. "Any way, I do. Come on, Pietro," he called again, and Pietro turned and went with them, wondering what happened to make them so friendly.

It was a perfect day, and the boys were soon shouting and splashing about in great glee. In the midst of their fun Rex made a discovery.

A cow had escaped from the pasture near by, and was wandering along the river toward a place which the boys called the "danger hole." The water had an unsettled look there, and people said that if any one were to enter it he would be sucked down, never to rise again.

"That's one of Comstock's cows," Rex exclaimed. "I'm going down to head her off. If she gets into that hole, she'll be drowned."

"Oh, you're forever hunting up some uncomfortable duty. Stay up here where it's pleasant."

But Rex did not heed. He was already gliding down the "basin," with long, steady strokes. Pietro was close behind him. Mr. Duncan was an excellent swimmer, and he had taught the little adopted waif so well that the Italian boy had few equals, though not many of the older boys had found it out.

Rex stopped down stream, just ahead of the navigating cow, and started her back up the bank. But suddenly she took a perverse notion into her cowish brain, and struck out straight for the middle of the stream, with Rex in close pursuit. When she felt the strong force of the current, however, instinct told her it was time to turn back. With a struggling leap she veered around and started toward the shore.

Poor Rex was directly in the way of Bossy's hoofs, and a moment later he was striving to get his breath and wondering what made his right arm feel so queer. He tried to swim out of the current, but that arm refused to work, and while he managed to keep himself afloat he felt that he was drifting aside, and straight toward the dreaded danger-hole.

But he had forgotten Pietro. The Italian boy had gone in toward the shore when the chase began. Now he saw that something was the matter, and he began swimming but and down the stream as fast as his swift, sure strokes would carry him.

Rex was at the very edge of the dreadful hole; in another moment he would be drawn into it. The boys in the basin were shouting vehement calls, but they seemed afraid to come to his rescue. Pietro was very near now. Swiftly he shot ahead, and throwing his left arm about Rex, he began slowly to work his way out, while Rex helped as best he could with his uninjured arm. He was a plucky lad, and did not hinder his rescuer by becoming panicstricken, as many boys would have done.

In a few minutes the boys were safe. They allowed themselves to float along with current until they were past the danger point, and then worked gradually across to the shore. Their comrades had come to their senses by this time, and were hastening to meet them. The boys gathered about the two adventurers and escorted them back to the bank of the basin. They said little about Pietro's share in the affair; but they called him "old fellow," and Pietro knew what that meant.

The next morning Miss Glidden, true to her promise, asked for names for her hero list. Little Dick Warren's hand went up like a flash, but before she had time to call upon him twenty lusty voices shouted "Pietro Beltrami!"

Miss Glidden looked very much surprised; so when the uproar was over they had to tell her all about it. And Ted put the finishing touch to the story by exclaiming: "Yes, and if that red cow had been in there, he would have gone back and dragged her out, too!"

Of course they all laughed then; but it was a jolly, friendly laugh, and Pietro was glad, because it made Miss Glidden forget to praise him before the school. He knew the boys never would call him a coward again, even though he would not fight nor kill snakes, and that was sufficient.—Kathryn Mortimer, in *Epworth Herald*.

—:0:—

Experiments are being made at Toulon in utilising seagulls as ocean carriers instead of pigeons. It is believed that gulls can eventually be used as trans-ocean messengers.

— — —

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

Talking of sects, till late one eve,
Of the various doctrine the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream;
And a "Churchman" down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name:
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book,
"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there,
I shall want my book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back.
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.
I saw him again on the other side
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to "The Church," or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was made;
"My coat and hat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way."
Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin
And staidly, solemnly, waded in;
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead so cold and white;

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that.
And then, as he gazed to the further shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.
As he entered heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing away—away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many—a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, "all round" might sing,
But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised, as, one by one,
The psalms and hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me! What shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."
And there on the river far and wide,
Away they went on the swollen tide,
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came;
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink,
"Sprinkled or plunged? May I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow."
"But I have been dipped, as you'll see me now;

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you,
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss.
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."
Then straightway plunging, with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down.
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along;
And concerning the road, they could never agree,
The old or the new way, which it could be,
Nor never a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd.
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new.
That is the false, and this is the true."
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true."
But the brethren only seemed to speak;
Modest the sisters walked and meek.

And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then;
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men';
For have ye not heard the words of Paul.
O, 'Let the women keep silence all'?"



I watched them long, in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met;
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over, side by side.

Side by side, for the way was one;
The toilsome journey of life was done,
And all who in Christ the Saviour died,
Came out alike on the other side.
No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray.
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

SATISFIED WITH A COPY.

While I was riding during the present summer on a trolley car, at Niagara Falls, an incident occurred which drew my attention. We had gone through the mist to the end of the road on the Canadian side, and had viewed at close range the wonders of the Horseshoe Falls, and were returning. When we were almost opposite the American Falls as our gaze was fixed in rapture and awe upon the scene of wondrous power and beauty before our vision, a traveller on the car was overheard saying, "Here is where we are now."

Turning slightly around, I saw that he had a printed picture of the Falls, and this he had spread out before him, and was looking at it. I said to my companion beside me, "Why doesn't he look at the original before him instead of a picture of it on paper?"

Then I thought of the multitudes who are satisfied with nothing but pictures and mottoes of Christ, when the real Christ in all his living power and beauty is so near, and will manifest himself to us. Let us not be satisfied with paper photographs made by men, when the real is so near. "He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him."

—C. E. World.

THE WEAKNESS OF ANGER.

To give to our anger, however just the cause, the rein of expression is the very essence of weakness. For is it not the yielding of ourselves, our souls, the individual responsible thing we are, to the quick, wild sweep of a force stronger than ourselves?

The flame of our anger may, perchance scorch the one whose act or a word has fanned its fierceness, but, as the hot glare dies down, we see, under the humiliating light of calm reason, that the very foundations of our nature, in all its

ignoble weakness, lie discovered beneath the smouldering ruins of an ungoverned citadel.

We see, too late, that we have thrown open our stronghold, given to the winds of scorn our self-respect, and, across the bitter pool of remorseful self-loathing, we hear the contemptuous laughter of the observer who, in that moment of lurid revelation, has measured and despises the smallness of our nature.

—Herald and Presbyterian.

THE CHURCH BELL.

A white church crowns a sunny hill—

A Sabbath peace is brooding there.

This very hour the home-folks fill

The sacred place of praise and prayer.

How many Sabbaths pass,—and still

The white church crowns the sunny hill.

Close to the dear old altar rail

A restless boy sat, long ago.

(Say,—does his sturdy faith avail,

While the years lead him to and fro?)

My heart is there, with childhood's grail,

Close to the dear old altar-rail.

I hear a clear bell toll, afar,

Sweet as a voice I used to know;

How true its notes of welcome are,

How charming, still, its ebb and flow!

Hush! 'mid the city's throb and jar,

I hear a clear bell toll, afar.

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,

So clear I see, now it is done,

That I have wasted half my day,

And left my work but just begun;

So clear I see that things I thought

Were right or harmless were a sin;

So clear I see that I have sought,

Unconscious, selfish aims to win;

So clear I see that I have hurt

The souls I might have helped to save;

That I have slothful been, inert,

Deaf to the calls Thy leaders gave.

In outskirts of Thy kingdoms vast,

Father, the humblest spot give me:

Set me the lowliest task Thou hast;

Let me, repentant, work for Thee!

—:o:—

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Editor: The Rev. J. A. Graham D. D. Kalimpong Bengal.

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